

## Slap Leather

James Taylor

Take all the money that we need for school  
And to keep the street people in out of the cold  
Spend it on a weapon you can never use  
Make the world an offer that they can't refuse  
Open up the door and let the shark-men feed  
Hoover of the future in the land of greed  
Sell the Ponderosa to the Japanese  
Slap leather, head for that line of trees, yeah  
Slap leather  
Go on Ron  
Just about to go myself

Turn the whole wide world into a TV show  
So it's just the same game wherever you go  
You never meet a soul that you don't already know  
One big advertisement for the status quo  
As if these celebrities were your close friends  
As if you knew how the story ends  
As if you weren't sitting in a room alone  
And there was somebody real at the other end of the phone, yeah  
Squibnocket  
Phone sex  
Just about to dial your number

Get all worked up so we can go to war  
We find something worth killing for  
Tie a yellow ribbon around your eyes  
Big McFalafel and a side of fries  
Yeah, Big McFalafel  
Stormin' Norman  
I just love a parade  
Slap leather  
Phone love  
Big McFalafel  
Just about to dial myself